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CLIVE BARKER'S
HELLRAISER™

Dark Horse Comics
Book 17
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The
HARROWING
Begins Here!

Clive Barker

John Rozum
Bo Hampton

Malcolm Smith
Anna Miller
Fred Vicarel
Alex Ross





foreword
Clive Barker

Taste The Darkness

John Rozum

writer

Bo Hampton

artist

Richard Starkings

letterer

The Harrowing: Part One

Resurrection

Clive Barker

story

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afterword

D.G. Chichester

Published every six weeks by Epic Comics. Office of publications:
587 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10036.

CLIVE BARKER'S HELLRAISER.™ Book 17.

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FOREWORD

The Devil, they say, has all the best tunes. Certainly his surrogates, as they live and breathe in the pages of the **Hellraiser** books, have a better repertoire of seductive songs and murderous melodies than the forces of good which occasionally attempt to resist them.

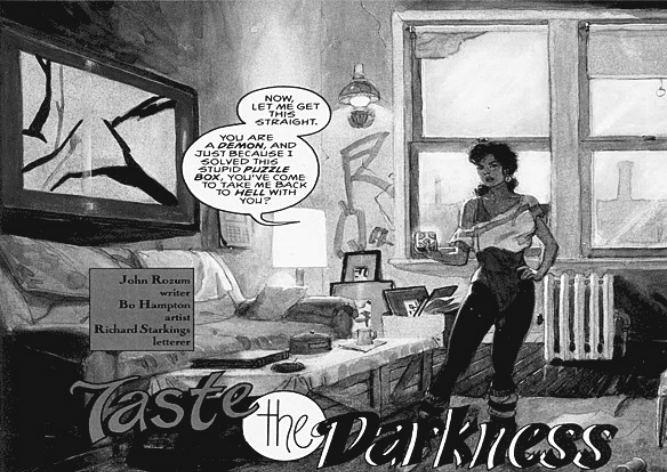
Pinhead and his cohorts have wandered through these tales with the arrogant air of creatures who are wise to every trick that humanity has up its sleeve, and are ready with their damnable reposts at every juncture. Very seldom does a soul slip through their fingers; and never, that I can remember, has a soul they have taken to Leviathan's corridors returned to the land of living. After all, who would dare those infernal depths, policed as they are by the Cenobitical clan?

The **Harrowers**, that's who. You're going to be meeting this team of soul-savers in the pages of upcoming **Hellraiser** books, and I hope their arrival excites you as much as it does me. I should say *return* rather than *arrival*, for though the individuals who will take up the grim task of snatching victims from under Leviathan's nose are fresh to the task, others have trodden the infernal path before them. These first Harrowers perished for their heroism, but the Goddess who inspired them — **Morte Mamme**, the Death Mother-is not so easily destroyed. She has risen again, and has called a doubting few to be her legion.

March with that legion, and you'll learn more about the workings of Hell than all the preceding tales — whether made for page or screen — have dared to tell. You'll enter the private hells of those whom Pinhead has ensnared; you'll encounter forms of evil barely whispered about. You may even take a step into the heart of Leviathan himself, a journey that will — I promise you — defy every expectation.

You'll have Harrowers for company on these journeys, of course, and you'll be glad of them. Maybe they can teach you to whistle a tune the Devil doesn't know. But I warn you, there aren't many.

Clive Barker
Los Angeles, July 1992



John Rozum
writer
Bo Hampton
artist
Richard Starkings
letterer

Taste the Darkness

WELL, THAT'S A RATHER SIMPLIFIED WAY OF PUTTING IT, BUT THAT'S PRETTY MUCH IT.

EXCEPT...

I ... I'M NOT A "DEMON" THE TERM IS INHERENTLY CONSTRUCTIVE BASED ON DEFINITION ALONE. I'M A CENOBIITE, OF THE ORDER OF THE GASH, THEOLOGIAN, AND SERVANT OF LEVIATHAN.



DO YOU REALIZE HOW CRAZY THIS ALL SOUNDS?

IT'S A PROBLEM THAT HAS TO DO WITH YOUR LIVING IN A TIME OF RELIGIOUS SKEPTICISM AND ATHEISM. IT SOUNDED A LITTLE BIZARRE TO ME AS WELL, BUT I WAS MADE TO ... UNDERSTAND.

AS WILL YOU.





DID YOU TAKE THESE?

YES.

IT'S SAD TO SEE SOMEONE WITH SUCH A GOOD EYE FOR SYMMETRY AND DESIGN LIVING AMONGST SUCH CLUTTER AND CHAOS.



I ALSO DRINK TOO MUCH ON THE WEEKENDS, AND LIKE TO BE TIED UP AND SPANKED.

SO SUE ME.

SUPPOSE I DON'T WANT TO GO TO HELL WITH YOU?



"WANT?" YOU'VE ALREADY PROVEN "WANT", DAPHNE?

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING...



DAPHNE. LET ME PUT IT ANOTHER WAY...

YOU'VE ALREADY MADE YOUR CHOICE. I'M HERE. YOU HAVE TO GO BACK WITH ME.

THAT'S HARDLY FAIR.



OR, COME OFF IT, DAPHNE. YOU KNEW WHAT YOU WERE GETTING INTO WHEN YOU ACQUIRED THE PUZZLE.

IT DIDN'T COME WITH ANY INSTRUCTIONS.



IT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO. THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT.

WE DON'T WANT JUST ANYBODY SOLVING THEM.



THEN YOU SHOULD MAKE THEM A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT.



THAT WAS ABOUT THE EASIEST PUZZLE I'VE EVER DONE IN MY LIFE?



EASY? YOU THOUGHT THE PUZZLE WAS EASY?



YEAH, IT TOOK ME LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES TO FIGURE IT OUT.

THE RUBIK CUBE TOOK ME NEARLY AN HOUR, AND ANGEL GABRIEL DIDN'T COME DOWN TO WHISK ME OFF TO HEAVEN!

FIVE MINUTES? THAT'S ASTOUNDING.

I HAVE THIS KNACK FOR PUZZLES, LIKE SOME PEOPLE HAVE FOR MATH, OR PLUMBING.







WON'T
YOU
GET
INTO
TROUBLE
FOR
THIS?

PROBABLY, BUT THERE'S A
LOT TO BE SAID FOR PAIN.
BESIDES, I'D BE LYING TO
YOU IF I TOLD YOU THAT
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE
WE EVER LET GO.

THE LEADER OF MY
ORDER HAD A PARTICULAR
FONDNESS FOR ONE
WOMAN ABOUT YOUR AGE.
SHE KEPT TURNING UP,
AND HE LET HER
GO EACH TIME.

I'LL TAKE
THESE.
THEY'RE MY
FAVORITES.

YOU KNOW, FOR
SOMEONE FROM
HELL, YOU'RE A
PRETTY NICE GUY,
WHIRL-JACK. NOT
EXACTLY WHAT
I'D CALL
EVIL.

THAT'S A
JUDEO-CHRISTIAN
BELIEF. IN REALITY,
WE'RE NOT UNLIKE
MOST PEOPLE.

DEMONS
TO SOME,
ANGELS TO OTHERS.
TO COIN A
PHRASE.

SO, YOU'RE
REALLY LETTING
ME STAY.

FOR NOW.
THE REST IS UP
TO YOU. THERE IS A
LOT OF POTENTIAL IN
YOU, DAPHNE. DEVELOP
IT. GOODBYE, DAPHNE.

THIS
DOESN'T
LOOK SO
HARD.

OMP
PPPP

THE END



THE CAPTIVE
GODDESS.

THE
LADY-IN-WAITING.

...HUGHFM...

HUNDREDS OF
YEARS HAVE COME
AND GONE BUT
HER STRENGTH
OF WILL HAS NOT
DIMINISHED.
SHE CAN WAIT
FOREVER IF
SHE MUST.

EVERY DARK
DAWN BRINGS
TO HER A NEW
HOPE.

...YES...

THE HOPE FOR
TODAY ?...

...YES...

MASGOTS.

FEEDING!

MOLTING.

GORGE YOURSELVES,
MY GENTLE PETS.
SHED YOUR SKIN AND
SPROUT YOUR
CRIMSON WINGS...

...AND
FLY!

RMBBBBB KKKRRRAAAK

AN EARTHQUAKE
SHAKES THE
CARNIVORES
FROM THEIR
FEAST.

THEY GO
FORTH...

TAKE MY LIGHT,
MY LIFE, AND
PUT AN END TO
THE WAITING.

...DRIPPING WITH
THE POWER OF HER
FLESH.

NOW, SIX
FOR SIX.



MILES
ABOVE...

...GGNGFM...

HUH?!

GOD
ALMIGHTY!

IS MY
BED
SHAKIN'...

...OR HAVE
I LOST MY
MIND
COMPLETELY?

Nobody in the town
of Joplin, Missouri,
has much use for
Bunny Benedict.

No one comes to
visit. The family
business is shut
down.

GUESS NO EARTH-
QUAKE'S GONNA
STOP THE SUN
FROM RISIN'.

SHE HAS NO
REASON TO GET
OUT OF BED IN
THE MORNING.

UNTIL
NOW.



TOMORROW IS
MOTHER'S DAY.

LONG AS I'M UP WITH
THE SUN, MIGHT AS WELL
GIT SOME WORK DONE
AROUND HERE.

MAYBE FIX THE
PLACE UP A BIT.

I MIGHT BE HAVIN'
SOME COMPANY
OVER.

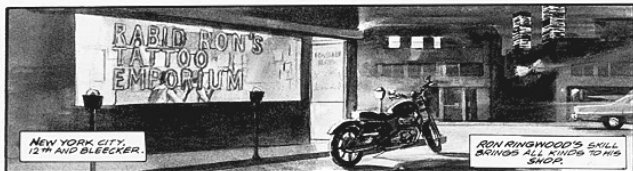
JOPLIN
10 MILES

LATER.



THE HARROWING, PART ONE RESURRECTION





NEW YORK CITY,
12TH AND BLEECKER.

RON RINGWOOD'S SKILL
BRINGS ALL KINDS TO HIS
SHOP.



ALL KINDS.

I WANT THE
DRAGON'S HEAD
RIGHT BETWEEN
MY SHOULDER
BLADES.

ZZZ

AAH!

ZZZ

OW!



YOU ALRIGHT, MAN?
YOU WANNA TAKE A
BREAK OR SOME-
THIN'?

NO! NO, IT WAS
NOTHIN'. JUST
A LITTLE FLY
BITE.



DOPLIN,
MISSOURI

THAT'S IT?
YA DONE?
HOW'S IT
LOOK?

PERFECT.



GUESS I'LL FIND
OUT WHEN I GET
THERE.

YOU
ASSHOLE!
AN EGG!?

COME BACK HERE!
WHERE THE HELL
YOU THINK YOU'RE
GOIN'?

WUBBOOMMM

ONE.



DO YOU RENOUNCE SATAN?

YOU ARE ONE THICK-HEADED SON OF A BITCH, YOU KNOW THAT?

OHIO STATE PENITENTIARY, VERA WYSHAK DIES TONIGHT.

...AND ALL HIS WORKS?

I'M TELLIN' YOU, PADRE, SAVE YOUR BREATH. I'M NOT AFRAID OF DYING, SO--

BUT, VERA, WON'T YOU LET ME TRY...

...TO SAVE YOUR SOUL?



HECCCH!
I'VE SWALLOWED SOMETHING-- I THINK-- I'M CHOKING--

EASY, OLD MAN. THE COFFEE HERE'S BAD, BUT--



HAAGGHE!--I-I-TOO--
HAAGGHE!--MIZZ--

HEY! FATHER, SPIT IT OUT NOW! WHAT'RE YOU TRYIN'--

MISSOURI-- MUST GET TO--
JOPPLINN...

JOPLIN
JOPLIN
MUSTOO.

MISSOURI? C'MON, WHAT IS IT YOU'RE--

GO--

FATHER?!

HELL.

WHERE ALL
HEED THE
CALL-TO-
ARMS.

THE QUAKE THAT RATTLED
THE EARTH HAS
REVERBERATED THROUGH-
OUT LEVIATHAN'S
DOMINION...

DUCERES NOS DUCER
NOS DUCERES NOS

NOS DUCERES NOS DUCER
NOS DUCERES NOS



...AND SOULS ARE
STIRRING IN BOTH
WORLDS.



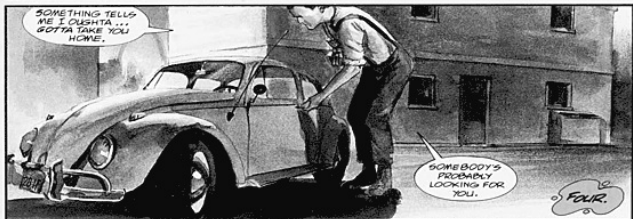
GOIN' MY WAY
FATHER--JIT--
SISTER?

TWO.

WUDDUM







HELL.

HE IS SILENT FOR THE MOMENT,
BUT HE WILL SPEAK WHEN THE
BLOODTHIRSTY AUDIENCE IS IN
THE PALM OF HIS HAND.



HE WILL NOT HAVE
TO WAIT LONG.

Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris
Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris Nos Dixeris

CHICAGO.



"THE
FLY."



A FLY.

HELP ME,
HELP ME!

Booooo!!

PROTECTION!

MISSESSSSS!

FIX IT,
MORON!



RUNNING A PROJECTOR IS A
MINDLESS TASK FOR A BRILLIANT
MAN...



...SO, EX-PROFESSOR DUBLIN
MORSE RELIEVES THE TEDIUM
WITH A DOSE OF L.A.D.



THANKS, DUBLIN.
IT WAS GETTING
PRETTY HOT.

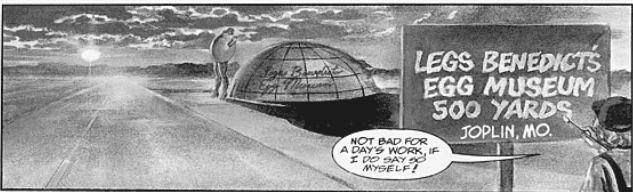
YOU SAVED MY
LIFE, NOW I'D LIKE
TO SAVE YOURS.
DO YOURSELF A
FAVOR. GO TO
JOPLIN, MISSOURI.
HAVE AN EGG.

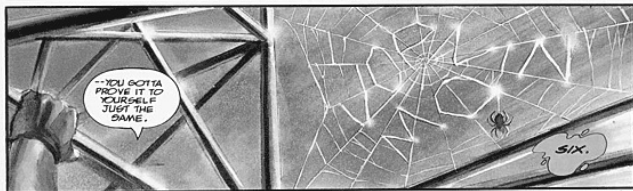


FIVE.

LEGS BENEDICT'S
EGG MUSEUM
500 YARDS
JOPLIN, MO.

NOT BAD FOR
A DAY'S WORK, IF
I DO SAY SO
MYSELF!

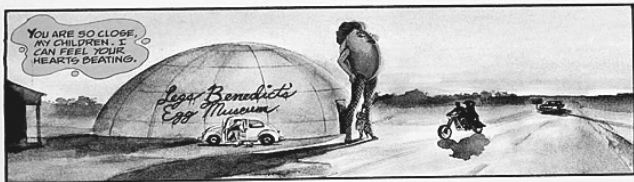




HELL.

WE'VE
GOT OURSELVES
A LITTLE PRO-
BLEM, COMRADES.
NOW, WHO WANTS
TO HAVE SOME
FUN?

ERES NOS DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS
Nos DUCERES NOS DUCERES NOS



TIME PASSES AND INTRO-
DUCTIONS ARE MADE.



AVINIA, LET'S
LEAVE! WHAT
ARE WE DOING
IN THIS BATH-
HOUSE?

WATCH YOUR
STEP AS YOU
ENTER--

EARTHQUAKE!



BBBRRUUNNG AAA

THE MONUMENT!
IT'S SPLITTING--
NOOOOO!

KKRRRAAAH



THE OLD
LADY!
IS SHE--

NO
WONDER
IT WAS
PROTECTED--

SHIT!
LOOKEE
HERE!



C'MON,
LADY,
TALK
TO ME!

HEY MAN!
YOUR
CAT--

ZING!
COME
BACK
HERE!



SHE'S GONE
DOWN!

ZING! I'VE GOT
TO GO AFTER--

ARE YOU CRAZY?
DON'T GO DOWN
THERE?

DON'T
LEAVE US
HERE
ALONE!

HOLD ON--
I'LL MAKE
A TORCH--

I'M GOING, TOO--
HERE'S A LANTERN,
IF YOU WANT TO..

IT'S ALL-
RIGHT!
I WON'T
LEAVE
YOU.

NO! GO ON
WITHOUT
ME. GIT!

YEAH,
LET'S
GO.



WHILE...

DUICERES
SILENCE!





...SO ABOVE.

I TELL YOU, NOBODY'S BEEN DOWN HERE IN A LONG--AS IN CENTURIES--TIME.

SISST--I'M NOT SURE WE SHOULD BE GOING INTO A DARK CAVE WITH ALL THESE MEN!

QUIET, LAVINI! COULD YOU HOLD THE LANTERN A BIT HIGHER?

LOOKS LIKE A LONG WAY DOWN.



NOT MUCH TRAFFIC THROUGH HERE LATELY.

THIS CRACK LOOKS NEW.

THAT LADY, BUNNY, SAID THERE'D BEEN THAT OTHER TREWOC YESTERDAY!

I SUSPECT THE REASON WE'RE ALL HERE IS BEHIND THAT ROCK.

SO WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?



--UNNNGH-- THIS IS SOLID GRANITE, WE SHOULDN'T BE ABLE TO MOVE THIS!

--OOOUFF-- FEELS LIKE SOMETHING'S HELPING.

I TOLD YOU I WAS STRONGER THAN I LOOKED.

BREEWWWW. WHAT'S THAT SMELL?

HOLY SHHH--
ANYBODY THAT
GETS SQUEAMISH
BEST STAY OUTTA
HERE!

CHILDREN--
YOU'RE SO
NEAR!

HOW ABOUT A
LITTLE LIGHT
ON THIS?

--MAN O MAN!
LOOKS LIKE
THESE FOLKS
WERE BURIED
ALIVE! WEIRD!

THIS GIVES ME
THE CREEPS!
SOMETHING EVIL
HAPPENED HERE--
I CAN FEEL IT.

MY GOD!
MUST
REMAIN
CALM FOR
SISSEY OR
SHE'LL
SCREAM!

I'M GOING
TO SCREAM!
NO I WON'T,
IT MIGHT
CAUSE A
CAVE-IN!

NOW I
RECOGNIZE
THE SMELL.
IT'S DEATH.

HOW BIZARRE!

"Sax, Liberatorit, Si Abnigma
Explicari Erit." "SIX SHALL
RELEASE IF THE PUZZLE IS
SOLVED." DOESN'T LOOK LIKE
THIS GROUP WAS TOO
SUCCESSFUL.

Hintin, SOMEONE'S TRANSLATED
THE LATIN INTO RHYMING COUPLETS
OF SANSKRIT. I'LL BET THAT SHOWED
THEM HOW TO ALIGN THE PHRASES
TO SOLVE THE PUZZLE!

IT LOOKS LIKE
THESE ARROWS
WERE CARVED
TO LINE UP WITH
EACH OTHER.

YOU'RE
RIGHT!

THEY DID SOLVE IT!
SO WHAT WENT WRONG?
WHAT WENT WRONG?

WHAT DO YOU
SUPPOSE
THIS WAS
USED FOR?

IT LOOKS LIKE A LANTERN
OF SORTS. BUT NOT THE
OIL TYPE--THERE'S NO
PLACE FOR A WICK!

THIS
POOR
DUCKER
HAS HAD
HIS
HANDS
CUT
OFF.

AND THERE ARE
HUMAN BONES
IN HERE.

THIS IS WHERE THE
ODOR IS COMING FROM!
GODD, THEY USED
BODY PARTS AS FUEL!

THAT SHOWS HOW
DESPERATE THEY
WERE TO SOLVE
THE PUZZLE!

NOW IF WE WORK TOGETHER
MAYBE WE CAN SUCCEED
WHERE THEY FAILED!

WHAT MAKES YOU THE EXPERT?
MAYBE THEY DID SOLVE THE
PUZZLE AND WHATEVER THEY
RELEASED SEVERED THEIR
HANDS AND FEET!

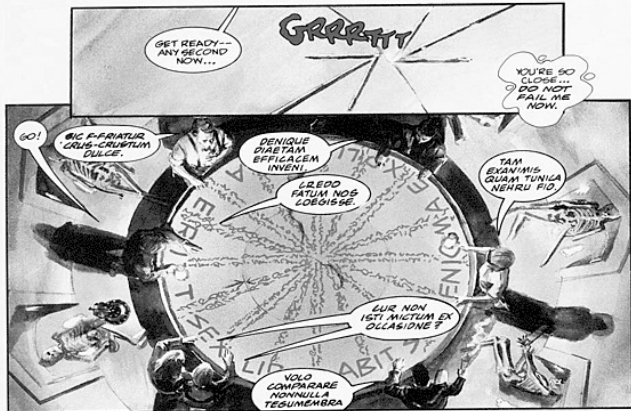
IF YOU DON'T BE
QUIET, I'LL SEVER
YOUR FRIGGIN'
HEAD!

OKAY, DUBLIN,
TELL US,
WHAT TO DO.

WHEN THE TWO ARROWS
TOUCH, YOU EACH MUST
SPEAK THE LATIN PHRASE
THAT'S DIRECTLY IN FRONT
OF YOU.

I... I--CAN'T
READ THAT.

JUST SOUND IT
OUT AS BEST
AS YOU CAN.





THEY STAND IN AWE--
EACH SEEING A
DIFFERENT ASPECT
OF THE GODDESS.



TO ALL
OF YOU--WHO
ANSWERED
MY SUMMONG
AND BROKE
MY BONDS--

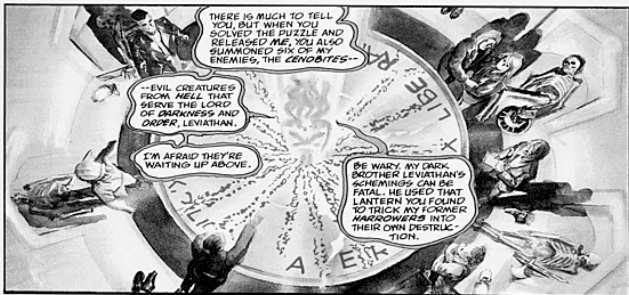
I
WELCOME
YOU TO
A TIME OF
AWAKENINGS.

LISTEN
TO ME
CLOSELY
FOR WE
HAVEN'T
MUCH
TIME.

I AM
CALLED
MORTE
MAMME--
AND YOU,
YOU ARE
MY
CHILDREN!

OPEN
YOUR
HEARTS
AND
STEEP
IN MY
POWER.

FEEL MY
PRESENCE
AND
KNOW
ME.





BUT ALL THAT
IS BEHIND US
NOW.

ARM
YOURSELVES.

TRUST YOUR INSTINCTS
AND THESE TOOLS WILL
BE SELF-INSTRUCTIVE...



WEAPONS CHARGED WITH
MY LIFE-FORCE.

WOWSAH!

YOU FELT THAT
TOO, HUM ZING??

THESE THINGS
SEEM LIKE THEY'RE
ALIVE!



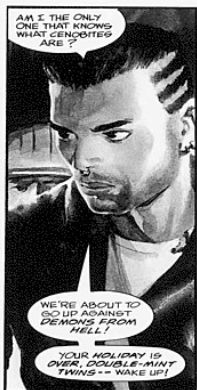
KNOW THIS MY CHILDREN,
CENOBITES CANNOT BE
KILLED, AND THE ONLY WAY
TO DESTROY THEM IS
THROUGH DISMEMBERMENT.

WHAT DOES
DISMEMBERMENT
MEAN?

IF YOU DON'T KNOW, THEN
YOU *SHOULDN'T* HAVE THE
LARGEST WEAPON.

I'M A PACIFIST.
WHY AM I HERE?
I DON'T UNDER-
STAND ANY OF
THIS--







AAAAHH--
THE INNOCENCE
OF A LITTLE
KITTEN IS SO
RICH!

MERKOVA, DON'T
BOTHER WITH THEIR
PET. I CAN *FEEL* THEM,
THEY'RE *CLOSE*.

WHAT COULD
POSSIBLY DEMAND
SIX OF US AT ONCE?
I AM SO LOOKING
FORWARD TO THIS!





LET THEM GO, TURPIG. THEY KNOW THEIR WAY HOME.



HANG IN THERE, WE'RE ON OUR WAY.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF.

HURRY!



WHAT HAPPENS IF THEY TAKE MY WEAPON?



NEVER MIND!



YOU FOOLS! I'VE LOST MY ARMS AND THE FIGHT HAS BARELY BEGUN!

WE'LL GET THEM BACK, MERKONA. OR SOMEONE ELSE'S.



O SOB I DEAR GOD, DELIVER ME FROM THIS PAIN.







GODDESS LADY,
I NEED YOU NOW!

EEAHHHHH!
WHAT IS THIS
POISON?

I'VE
SHARPENED
YOUR BLOOD,
VERA. USE IT
WELL.

RELEASE
HER CHAINS!
HER BLOOD
BURNS!

CHING
SEING

WELL NOW,
I WONDER
WHAT ELSE
OF MINE
YOU CAN'T
STOMACH...

Pto

SSSSSSSS

AAHHHHEE!

DUBLIN,
GIVE HER A
HAND. I'M GOING
AFTER RON!

...LORDY!
I'M GONNA
HAVE TO BE
CAREFUL WHO
I SPIT ON!

HERE VERA, IT'S
SAFER NEAR THE
STAIRS!



MARTY! I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T A FIGHTER!

I'M NOT-- BUT IN CERTAIN SITUATIONS--

-- I'VE BEEN KNOWN TO MAKE EXCEPTIONS.



I'VE HEARD OF FAST HEALERS BUT...

SINCE WHEN COULD I DO THIS?!



TEST YOUR NEW ABILITY, RON RINGWOOD, AND BE FEARLESS IN THE KNOWLEDGE.



NOT BAD, THE ONLY THING IS, I'M GONNA MISS HAVING SCABS TO PICK AT.



PPFFFT

THEY'RE DOING FINE WITHOUT US, SEE? NOW AS SOON AS IT'S CLEAR, WE'LL MAKE A RUN FOR IT.

WHAT'S THAT SMELL?





MARTY SEVENSBERDS' DESCENDANT OF LITTLE MOON, I BRING LIGHTNING TO YOUR HANDS.



USE YOUR NEW POWER!

LOOK! THEY CAN'T MOVE!

KIKKKK

COME ON EVERYBODY! I DON'T KNOW WHAT I DID, BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TO LAST.

I'LL GET THE HEADS!

I'M A LEG MAN MYSELF.



ANYBODY GOT CHEWING GUM? I'M RUNNING OUT OF SPIT!



YOU'RE NOT LEAVING THE PARTY WITHOUT YOUR OTHER HALF.







SIS, YOU AMAZED ME!

MINNIE CAME QUITE NATURALLY TO US, DIDN'T IT?

YEAH, YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'LL LIVE, BUT I DIDN'T GET THEM NEALING POWERS THAT RON DID.

LOOKS LIKE MORTÉ MAMME GAVE EACH OF US A DIFFERENT WAY OF FIGHTING HER ENEMIES.

ZIN'S ACTING LIKE NOTHING HAPPENED!

ANY OTHER TRICKS UP YOUR SLEEVE?



WE SHOULD GET YOU TO A HOSPITAL.

SO THEY CAN TAPE ME UP AND SHIP ME BACK TO PRISON? NO WAY!

AND LEAVE MY NEW FAMILY?



I DO FEEL RATHER LIKE WE'VE BONDED IN SOME PRIMITIVE FASHION.

I DON'T BELIEVE IN FIGHTING, BUT WHAT WE DID SEEMS RIGHT SOMEHOW.

YEAH, LIKE WE WERE BORN TO DO IT.



IT LOOKED LIKE YOU'VE BEEN IN FIGHTS BEFORE. YOU WERE FEARLESS.

WRONG. I WAS SCARED SHITLESS, BUT AT LEAST WE ALL CAME OUT ALIVE.



"...BUT I'M GOING AFTER THEM."

NOT NECESSARILY.

THE HORSE-BITCH TOOK BUNNY BACK TO HELL WITH HER, AND I DON'T KNOW ABOUT ANY OF YOU...

TO BE CONTINUED...

AFTERWORD

This first of the tales of the Harrowers was written by three-fourths of a team collectively known as Zink Ink. They are Anna Miller, Malcolm Smith and Fred Vicarel. I have been working with them — and with their fourth member McNally Sagal — for a year, developing and honing these new adventures. The result will be a book devoted entirely to the Harrowers, which will be published in the early part of next year. I don't believe it could be in more perversely inventive hands.

There will be those amongst you, no doubt, crying shame! shame!; folks who would prefer to see Hell's hordes go on with their temptations and damnations unopposed. To you, I say: watch carefully. This is not a battle Leviathan or it's generals will meet with a simple shrug. You will see a new fire in Hell's belly in the next few months; new venom in its machinations; new cruelty in its devices. You'll see new Cenobites too, raised from filth and blood and rage to snuff out this little hope before it reaches the ears of the damned.

Will the Harrowers flourish or perish? Only the coming tales will tell. But from now on, you may be certain that the Devil's tune will not be the only one echoing through Hell. Heroes and heroines are coming, their hearts beating to a drum as ancient as Leviathan.

And as powerful.

Clive Barker
Los Angeles, July 1992





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Alex Ross

The age of Leviathan's absolute rule is at
an end.

Prepare for the coming of the goddess,
Morte Mamme, imprisoned for
centuries, now freed as mankind's final
salvation against the hordes of hell. She
will lead the seven, as the prophecies have
foretold, as her Harrowers — into the
depths of hell; as warriors, rebels,
anarchists and heroes.

The Harrowing begins here. May She
who dances go with you.

ISBN #0-87135-928-6

